

The Quakers Ballad:

O R,

An Hymn of Triumph and Exultation for their Victories, at the two late great Disputes by them held with the Baptists, the first in Barbican, on the 9th. the second in VVheeler-street, on the 16th. of the Eight Month, 1674.

To an excellent new Tune, called, *The Zealous Atheist.*



Y E the friends and he-friends whoever inherit Our juglings so plain will appear that each eye,
Infallible light in dark-lanterns of Spirit, Through the mask of our holy pretences will spy,
Come pick up your ears, for behold! I will sic ye And see that a Quaker, when stript of his paint,
With an hymn that is cal'd by the wicked, a Ditty Is nearer of kin to an Atheist, than Saint.

In the Scuffle we late have had with the Baptists Then let us equivocate neatly and lay
Whereto both our honour and interest maye is, A plausible meaning on all that we say,
Though our logicke perhaps be too weak to dispute And the very same art that serveth to excuse us,
We hope by a Ballad at least to confute um. (um At once shall condemn all those that accuse us.

For though Fiddle & Organs are both Babilonish This being done, we point time and place,
Where with the prophane delighted alone is; And come full prepared to bandy the case,
Yet in such a case inspiration may haue In the Barbican first we gave them a meeting,
Even us which are perfect to warble a Chant. And never was seen such a Bear-garden greeting

Then let us a while our tremblings lay by,
And quit our still greetings to set up a cry,
Let's challenge, and rant, talk loud and be bold,
For the Spirit at present doth move us to scold,

'Tis time to exclaim, as receiving the w;ong,
And take up that carnal weapon the tongue,
For if we delay our whole party must sink,
And our long-boasted light go out in a flink.

A Nabble thrust in from each end of the Town,
And before half an agreement could be laid down
In less time than a man can a pot of Ale swallow,
'twas confirm'd with a hoope, & deny'd with a hallow.
The place like an hot-house appear'd, and by hap
Some Friends might be oured here of a clap;
And if it were so I cannot but say,
Ewas the best effect of our meeting that day.

The second part, to the same Tune.



But once more habe at um, for without doubt
If we cannot confute, we must tyre them out
& therefore sent word they were cowardly lubbars,
If they would not in Spittle-fields venture a rub.

(vers)
Four hours and more we dispute in and out,
To know what it was we shold dispute about,
Which yet at the last was never agreed,
But no matter for that we resolv'd to proceed.

I would have made puss laugh, or child in the cri-
To hear us chop logicke and talk syllogisanes, (comes,
That spiritual cantings of Naslor and s hood,
Should Apostatize thus into figure and mood.

To see holy seed so grand a designer,
As to turn yea and nay into major and minor,
We language of beast Concedo or Pergo,
And tickle their tobies at last with an Ergo.

At K: if they came on like huffing Philistians,
And needs would attempt to prove us no Christians
When most by our wranglings already thought much
To believe that in truth either of us were such.

All Dialogues we cry'd down as prophane,
Though divers of us had written in that strain;
But that by a figure must be understood,
Making things bad in others, in us to be good.

But let friends take notice how basely they w;rong us
By suggesting a Papist God bless us, amongst us;
For there was no need of that I must tell ye,
Since each of us carries his Pope in his belly.

Our selves to be Christians we loudly declare,
But aboide the contest to prove that we were;

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For we find that our interest doth better agree,
To be counted Christians, than cruse to be.

Yet in beagled relash by a kind of a wyle, (whilc
We were drawn into what we had foun'd all the
But still we were safe, though the body put it's.
For when all this fail inspiration can do.

To this then wylde though certain it be,
Old Mahomet ha as much claim to't as we;
However it servs to ward off a blow,
For who shall reave what no man can kno.

For if folks wold haue wonders or miracles done
We confess we an instance at present haue none,
That so many shuld scripture and reason forfide
And in our ridiculous whynses pitke.

but though in god form we would argue no more
We went on wi' bawling as high as before,
For we knew the the crowd would the glory allan
To him that spake loudest, and ha'd the last woor.

To prove that w;ch our Antagonist beat,
'Tis enough for us say that we made the best,
And charged them hardely when we haue won,
In the rear within eccho, they run, friends, they

And to shew that it amunition we haue,
Wiles yet not all fent, nor weary our friends,
After this we beg another new song,
And sell all a Preaching in Hank mornin' gill.

Thus in byle a strings clatter we have, and a fir
Wuz what good eas an't, if I know I'm a cur,
Only people went one, some sick, and some lame,
But all of them fit as wise as they came.